

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1886.

NO. 181.

## GRAND OVERCOAT SALE!

Several Hundred Overcoats Must be Sold Within the next few Weeks.

They were shipped us from an over-stocked manufacturer with instructions to sell and sell they must, as we are so crowded with other goods have no room for them. If you want an overcoat don't fool your time away looking around for one. Come right to our store where you can see stacked up more Overcoats than are in all the other stores in town put together, and they are elegant tailor made goods, too. We can sell you a good Chinchilla Overcoat for \$3, \$4 or \$5, or an elegant all wool Overcoat for \$6, \$7 or \$8. Elegant custom-cut and tailor-sewed Overcoats, rough or smooth, at \$10 to \$15, worth from \$15 to \$25. Big assortment of Boys' and Childrens' Overcoats, away under regular prices. Anyone contemplating purchasing an Overcoat will be very unwise not to examine our stock before buying.

We will receive almost a car load of seasonable Cold Weather Good from New York Auctions this week consisting of Flannels, Linseys, Canton Flannels, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Ladies' Gents' and Childrens' Woolen Hose, Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Cloaks, Newmarkets, Short Wraps, Shawls, Scarfs, Hoods, Mufflers, &c., &c., all of which will be closed out with a rush at our usual bewilderingly low prices. About Dec. 15th we will open up an immense line of Dolls and other suitable goods for the holidays. An early visit of inspection is solicited from all.

## THE GREAT BARGAIN STORE.

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The only Spot Cash House in Stanford.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays  
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understand if we credit that \$2.50 will be ex-  
pected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

National Banks  
The annual report of the Controller of the Currency contains suggestions for the amendment of the banking laws in about a dozen instances, including the contingent liability of shareholders, requirements for reserve; loans to individuals; more thorough examination of banks, and their protection against unequal State taxation. Thirty-five hundred and eighty National banks have been organized in all, of which 2,815 are now in operation. Of these 174 have been organized during the year; capital, \$21,000,000; bonds, \$3,700,000; circ'd. 1,042, \$2,930,000. Twenty-four banks went into voluntary liquidation during the year one ceased to exist by expiration of its charter, and eight failed.

The failed banks have an aggregate capital of \$630,000; surplus and undivided profits \$240,000; liabilities \$1,300,000. The creditors of these banks have been paid in full, principal and interest. In two cases dividends have reached 50 per cent, in one case 75 per cent, and in one case 25 per cent. The local dividends paid during the year exceed \$1,000,000, and the banks have been fairly wound up and their accounts closed, leaving twenty-five insolvent banks still in the hands of receivers.

Since the beginning of the system, in 1863, only 122 national banks have failed. Of these thirty-eight have paid their creditors in full, and twenty have paid interest-bills—\$2,000 in full and five in part.

The effect on the condition of the public debt, and the high premium on bank bonds in the days of national bank organization is very fully illustrated. The contraction in national bank organization during the year exceeds \$58,000,000.

A large diagram, exhibiting the main features of the national banking system and their variations during the past twenty-one years, accompanies the report. From these it appears that the aggregate deposits in the various National Banks have increased from \$522,000,000 in January 1866, to \$173,000,000 in October 1885, while losses and discounts have risen from \$500,000,000 at the former date to \$1,113,000,000 at the latter date. The specie held by the national banks in 1866 was \$19,000,000; in October 1865 it was only \$8,000,000, while in 1885 it was \$177,000,000 and is now \$150,000,000.

Just before the Baptist church in Todd county was dedicated last Sunday, Hon. Jefferson Davis spoke as follows: "It is with a heart full of grateful emotion that I stand here on the spot of my pastivity, to assist in erecting a house to the Truth God. Nothing was acceptable to Him as such a gift. Some of you may ask, how it is that I, who am not a Baptist, should give ground for the erection of a Baptist church. I reply that my father, who was a better man than I, was a Baptist. We left this place during my infancy, and I have never been here but once since, but I have heard with a lively relish of pleasure of your progress."

The end of these bring the piping times of peace they are the piping times of pipe—no pipe.

### OBITUARY

F. B. McClary

One by one our neighbors and friends around us have been failing. The destroyer, with relentless impartiality, has stalked in our midst. And the young, the undamaged and the old alike have yielded to his impulsive mandates. To those last months he has gathered a rich harvest. And just now he has again entered our home and gloom hangs over the community. The fall of one of the dear ones has caused more painful melancholy than has the death of F. B. McClary. On November 12, 1886, in the 50th year of his age, at his home in Birbonyville, surrounded by wife and friends, this man paid the debt common to mortality. Cincinnati was the immediate cause. With that terrible disease, he had battled for years. He had sought restoration in the bracing, exhilarating atmosphere of the North, and again among the perennial blizzards and deathless verdure of the far Southern land. But still. A fruitless effort of escape! The inexorable hand was upon his visage, and doing its work. The tender,oothing, pitying hands of a faithful wife, who journeyed with him in these distant lands, and who did all that love could do to lighten the load of sorrow, were not enough to stay the enemy. Human skill and human love were alike powerless. A respite they could bring, but the elixir was in heaven, not up on earth. Worn and discouraged, yet resigned, he returned to his home and friends, to die beneath his own roof. And during all this time, he bore himself as became a man consciously facing the inevitable. He was a case of settled conviction as to the end. All the while aware of the steady advances of that most insidious of all diseases, without a murmur he waited the end. And just as the last lingering rays of the evening sun kissed their departure up on the surrounding hill tops, this good man, with a farewell upon his lips, went up to God. And now as I look back upon his career, I am reminded that our lives are as the brack'leth plants with the leaf for a moment and then pass on forever. Life is a mystery anyway. From whence we come and whether do we tend are questions for solution in the eternity to come. But we do know that we can carry on a while with here, and then are called onward to join the caravan in the beyond. And we believe the change is good for the soul and that our loss in this case is the eternal good of our friend. As he had lived, so he died. His quiet, calm life here etched in a quiet, peaceful transition on the other shore. He lived the life of an honest, Christian man, and died in full faith of the saving power of a Saviour's blood. He had lived without a enemy to die respected and loved by all. He was a plain man. His life was devoid of all glitz or ostentation. He was a substantial man and displayed all sound and pretension. His whole life-work was in accord with the simplicity of his nature. A lover of quiet, he sought seclusion in his home, away from the tumult and bustle of the outside world. He fell in the ripeness of manhood. And notwithstanding the quiet man and quiet life, he was a student, of nature and men. Thus he walked the journey of life, and learned of its toils and changes. He kept vigil over causes and results. And with an ever present sense of the proprieties, aided by a comprehensive knowledge of men, means and ways, he wisely chose a course of fair dealing and integrity. And well did he serve his part. Near the exultation of life, without a blushing, he has laid down to rest. The solemn courage has borne his body away, and sadly laid it down in the homestead of his birth and rearing. He sleeps among

those who loved him best, because they knew him longest and best. His soul has gone up to the reward of the pure and good and the curtain has fallen forever. Peace to his ashes; honor to his memory.

Rockcastle County, Kentucky. I was four or fourteen years ago he came and took up citizen's whip among us. Here he won and maintained a place in the confidence and affection of the entire people. And now with his old friends we share this common grief and mingle our tears with theirs. This great loss is theirs and ours.

As a citizen he was faultless. In business he was always just. Free from all dissembling, the purity of his character was acknowledged by all. Peculiarly a man of his own efforts, he had no illus nor inclination to interfere with the business of others. Convinced of his own integrity, he stood well with himself and with others. As a neighbor there was none better. In business he was affectionate and kind. As a friend he was as true as steel. He was a lawyer by profession, and a good one, too. His was as clear, bold, analytical mind. He practiced law according to law. The interests of his client never suffered in his hands. Not that he always won, but the failure was in the cause, not in the lawyer. Courteous to his brethren, he was always firm in his own convictions. Quick to see a point, he always came to the issue with an ease and without circumspection. He was the true lawyer, as he was a true man. He did his whole duty. This is the tribute a friend lays upon the altar of memory.

JAMES D. BLACK.

Bardstown, Nov. 21, 1886.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Died, at her home in Lincoln county, Ky., on the evening of the 22d of November, 1886, Mrs. Pollie Taylor, widow of Cornelius Taylor, deceased, aged 76. In writing these lines of the life and death of this most estimable Christian, I can but say there are no words that can do justice to her excellent character; "None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise."

We have no language that will express how she will be missed in the community and mourned in the home-circle in which she moved, a bright and shining light. Though devoted to her home interests and ever anxious in regard to the welfare of her loved ones, yet she always had a warm place in her heart for others, and all who have been thrown with her in the journey of life, will remember her with love and regret. Comforing the distressed, helping the needy—wearing a smile and a gentle word to those around her, with good will and charity to all—she won the love of family and friends. We would speak of her many noble acts, but her whole life was nobility.

Parry and sweet was married her path on earth, living and dying her faith to God and eternity was manifest and supreme, until we can with confidence believe that she is enjoying now that which are, in her last moments, no earthly preyed for—rest. In that home beyond the grave may we meet her again.

We'll know thee there by that sweet face, Round which a tender halo plays, Still touched with that expressive grace That made thee loveliest all thy days; By that sweet smile that fair it shed A beauty like the light of morn, Whose soft expression never fell, Even when his soul had down to steer. We'll know thee by the starry crown, That glitters brightly in thy hair; Oh! by those blessed signs alone We'll see and know—our mother—there.

Nov. 29th, 1886. CLARA DOTTY TAYLOR.

It is reported that corduroy is to be the fashionable wear for the ladies' jackets now because Mrs. Cleveland was becomingly attired in such a garment in Boston last week.

FEMALE NURSES.—In New York one branch of employment for women has reached a high state of useful development. It is that of caring for the sick. The doctors admit that they can not enter with confidence on the treatment of a severe case of fever without the constant presence at the bedside of one of these professional nurses. The course of preparation for the work lasts for several years, at the end of which time of schooling and experience they are in possession of information and the methods of handling patients which insure a consistent treatment.

The nurses keep a record of the temperature and pulse, which constitutes a history of the case, and when shown to the doctor at the end of which time of schooling and experience they are in possession of information and the methods of handling patients which insure a consistent treatment. The nurses keep a record of the temperature and pulse, which constitutes a history of the case, and when shown to the doctor at the end of which time of schooling and experience they are in possession of information and the methods of handling patients which insure a consistent treatment.

At Old Orchard last summer, a lady who spends her winter in Boston became very much pained with a gentleman who was a guest at the same hotel as herself and paid her marked attention. The friendship, however, died out with the season, and the lady supposed the gentleman had returned to Philadelphia. The other morning she orlered her breakfast served in her room at the hotel, and when she opened the door to let the waiter in there stood her hand-some friend of the summer. It was an awkward position for both, and explanations were impossible, but the lady did not offer him the customary tip. On his part he bowed with the usual grace, deposited the tray and went out, leaving her food for refection.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.—Woman is sometimes the real cause of unhappiness in the married relations of life, but in the majority of instances the boot is on the other foot and she is really the true comfort thereunto. Don't marry a woman for her taper fingers and lilly hands alone, for married life and its rugged experiences call for a wife that knows how to make a pot boil and can spank babies systematically. But people marry for pure love, and they in after years suspicion that what were at the time promptings of the tender passions were in all probability the first symptoms of cholera morbus. The man who marries a woman simply because she is a handy affair to have about the house does so from a purely business standpoint, and in the end, if not compelled to support him, she has done better than any woman I know of.

Another method of utilizing paper is the process of manufacturing paper rails, which is to be adopted in the paper rail works at St. Petersburg. It is claimed that these can be made at one third the price of steel rails and that they are very durable, the paper being condensed by great pressure. Being lighter than metal they can be carried and laid at much less cost. They are made of greater length than ordinary rails, and the oscillation and wear and tear of rolling stock will be proportionately diminished. The question of durability will be the principal one to be settled.

A six-year-old girl in Florida dropped her kitten down a well over 50 feet deep, and at her earnest entreaty her father lowered her down by the well rope. She got the kitten out all right and was pulled up again damp, but happy.

The Sam Jones Tabernacle at Cartersville, Ga., a gift of the evangelist to his native town, has been dedicated. The building, which is said to be a very fine one, is intended for union Christian meetings, irrespective of denominations.

Green's Electric Oil cures all aches and pains. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg at 60c.

### MULES.

Twenty good yearling Mules, of them mares, for sale. Call on address me at Lancaster, Ky., 175-181.

J. L. TAYLOR.

TOWN LOT FOR SALE!

A. S. privateer of Mr. W. H. Anderson, offer for sale privately his half brick house and lot of two acres on Suter Street in Stanford. The place has all the necessary improvements and is very suitable for a home. Call or address me at Stanford in regard to it.

P. M. McROBERTS.

### FOR SALE!

A valuable Stock Farm containing 312 Acres situated 1 mile from Clark Orchard on the Standard pike.

The two new store-rooms and rooms over same, in Stanford, on South side of Main Street, built by Owen & Son. Also the brick residence which is now living.

J. B. OWENSLEY.

Stanford, Ky.

185-186

W. G. WELCH.

Stanford, Ky.

185-186

H. K. TAYLOR.

OCONOKE COUNTY, is a Candidate or the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

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Concert Grand,

Parlor Grand,

Baby Grand,

Upright Grand,

Square Grand.

We are opening the most carefully selected, the finest and best stock of

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Ever brought to this city. Every instrument is the pride of an artist and prices range from 10 to 25 percent, lower than other dealers ask for the same goods. Persons of musical and art culture are invited to inspect the beautiful, well-made, refined tone and artist designs of these celebrated instruments.

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The Celebrated Olough and Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs.

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E. H. FOX,

The Photographer,

Danville, Ky.

185-186

FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

185-186

NEWCOMB HOTEL,

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still main-

taining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable

Special attention to the travelling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop.

Mt. Vernon, Ky.

185-186

G. ELIAS & BRO.

—WHOLESALE—

TIMBER & LUMBER,

22 West Swan Street,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Highest cash price paid for White Ash, Black

Ab, Red Birch, Cherry, Poplar, Butternut,

Stanford, Ky., November 30, 1882

W. P. WALTON.

STONE, the district attorney in Pennsylvania, suspended by President Cleveland for offensive partisanship at the same time he suspended Benton, of Missouri, applied for reinstatement, but the President very promptly removed him from office instead. Stone is a republican and had the hardihood not only to neglect his business to assist his party in their campaign, but made speeches of abuse and misrepresentation of the administration by whom will be retained. In his letter to the attorney-general in regard to Stone, the President lays down this proposition, which will be accepted with delight by all who believe that every mother's son of a republican should be turned out of office: "The administration of the government is not to be trusted, in places high or low, to those who aggressively and constantly endeavor unfairly to destroy the confidence of the people in the party responsible for the administration." This is well said, now let the President go to work and turn the last rascals out.

Gov. McCREADY in an interview with the Louisville Times said this among other sensible things: "There is likely to be, it is true, a heavy surplus in the Treasury. The democrats succeeded in getting a bill through at the last session which directed that the three per cent. bonds be called in and paid off at the rate of \$15,000,000, and they are now being called in and paid off at that rate. This is very beneficial effect, but by July 1, 1887, all these bonds will be in and the surplus will again begin to accumulate rapidly. To relieve this I'm in favor of a reduction of the tariff. I think the revenue tax should be maintained. I'm not in favor of taking the tax off whisky, brandy, tobacco and cigars until that on clothing and machinery, and bibles and shoes is reduced. I'm from a big whisky producing district, but that's the doctrine I hold in Congress, and that's the doctrine I talked in my canvass. I'm not in favor of free luxuries, while the necessities of life are burdened with tax."

The filthy details of evidence in a divorce suit brought by Lady Colin Campbell against his Lordship, in England, is cabled to this country and published in the daily papers with very catching headlines. It is the most disgusting story ever printed and the postoffice department might prosecute the purveyors of the nastiness for using the mails to disseminate obscene literature. It is recited may sell a few extra papers, but it can be productive only of harm. Every Kentuckian who reads it will however instinctively regret that distance alone prevents him from assisting in lynching the royal brute, who could treat a woman so infamously.

Gen. LOGAN says the reason Cleveland was elected was because the children of copperheads who kept out of the army during the war and were raised up democrats, arrived at a voting age in 1884 in time to cast their first vote for him. The soldiers returned home in 1865 and married and their offspring are naturally republicans, who will cast their first vote in 1888, for a republican president, who will be elected of course. This is Black Jack's theory, but he will find that it won't work. He has made no calculation on the other side at all, forgetting, it seems, that the breeding of democrats has continued all the time.

A NUMBER of papers are referring to Miss Jessie Buckner, who has recently gone on the operatic stage, as the beautiful daughter of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. So far as being beautiful is concerned, the description fits exactly, but she is not a daughter of that gallant Confederate general. Miss Buckner is a relative of the Thompsons, at Harrodsburg, and first came into public notice during Phil Thompson's trial for the murder of Walter Davis.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the Harrodsburg Democrat, in speaking of the Bourbon News is kind enough say of us: "Champ has the best semi-weekly in the State, always excepting, of course, our friend Walton, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL. In all statements of this kind, like Rip Van Winkle's drink, Walton don't count." Brother Spotswood, we are your most obedient.

The silly paragraph is going the rounds of the press that "Stonewall" Jackson never posted a letter without calculating whether it had to travel on Sunday, and would often hold his letters over to Monday." Gen. Jackson was a great man and a good man and consequently could not be as silly as the item would suggest.

We have never been fool enough to speak of the Breckinridge News as "a little paper" and we are certain now we never will be guilty of such indirection. The News is loaded and Bro. Sutton is the kind of a marksmen we don't go fooling around when we can help it.

One poor old set in Atlanta, on having his whisky supply cut off, fell back on desperation and now drinks half a gallon of that oil a week. It is not stated what effect it has upon him, but we suppose it makes him exceedingly light-headed.

SIXTY FIVE couples were married in Louisville last week. It would be a difficult matter to figure how many couples there would like to unmarry, but judging by the divorce record they are climbing up toward a majority.

Girls who marry coachmen ought to be stable in their affections.

A YOUNG Kentuckian named Presley has just been sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Washington for stealing overcoats from hotels. He went there to get a government position and failing, fell back on stealing for a livelihood. Young men should take warning from this and be certain of a place before entering the whirlpool at the Capital.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, has arrived in New York.

—Four men were killed by the explosion of the tug-boat Sunbeam in East River, New York.

—A duty of \$1,700 has been collected on seven Egyptian mummies recently landed in this country.

—The county judge of Bourbon county fined 37 men \$7.50 each, the other day, for refusing to work on an old public road.

—Owing to a train dispatcher's blunder a collision occurred on the Missouri Pacific near Kansas City and two men were killed.

—J. & S. B. Sacks, boot and shoe manufacturers at Cincinnati, have assigned. Assets are estimated at \$100,000; liabilities \$200,000.

—There are 81 public buildings in course of construction by the Federal government upon which \$2,802,437 were expended during the year.

—Pleckney White, a negro was arrested in Cincinnati for the murder of George Brown, his room-mate, at Sycamore, Ky., in March, 1885.

—The large distilleries of Anderson county began operations yesterday. McBrayer will make 8,000 barrels, Ripy 9,000 and Bond & Lillard 6,000.

—In this district, Lum J. Stone, of Monticello, John A. Durham, Fairbush, and M. White, Whitley county, have been appointed stockkeepers and gaugers.

—During the last 16 months there have died ten men who have been either President or Vice-President of the United States or who have been candidates for either office.

—At Wilkesbarre, Pa., there was an explosion of gas in a coal shaft by which two men received injuries from which they soon died, and ten others are not expected to recover.

—A grain elevator at Duluth, Minn., burned causing a loss of \$800,000. Two men were burned to death and another to escape the flames jumped 80 feet to the ground and was dashed to pieces.

—It has been published that the next Board of Equalization will have a majority of republican members. The official return does the statement and place the representation at 8 democrats and 3 republicans.

—A tramp named Coyle, employed as a farm hand by Moses Ray, near Lexington, Ind., betrayed Ray's daughter, who has since become a mother. The father attempted to kill the villain, but he made good his escape.

—An apothecary at Berlin, named Speichert, after suffering eleven years' imprisonment for the alleged murder of his wife, has just been released, his innocence of the crime, which he always asserted, being satisfactorily ascertained.

—The Court of Appeals has affirmed the judgment of the Lawrence circuit court by which James H. Marcus, brother of T. D. Marcus, of the Cattlettsburg Democrat, was sentenced to prison for life for killing his cousin, Fisher Marcus.

—John Huffman, a young man who forged a check at Harrodsburg, and was sent to the penitentiary for two years after lying in jail over a year, was pardoned by the governor, the sheriff receiving the papers while en route to Frankfort for him.

—Judge Scott, of the Illinois Supreme Court, has granted a supersedeas in the cases of the condemned Chicago anarchists, thus postponing the execution of the death sentence until the Supreme Court shall pass upon the regularity of the proceedings under which they were convicted.

—A baby was born recently at Aberdeen, Miss., whose father is a very black negroe; its mother a light mulatto. Half the child's body is black; the other half nearly white; the hair on one side of its head is kinky; on the other light and straight, while one is black eye and the other blue.

—In Boone township, Harrison county, Indiana, E. B. Brown, a teacher, dismissed his pupils and locked the doors of the school-house because three colored children had come to school. The white children whipped the colored ones and the magistrate fined them. Indiana is on the north shore of the Ohio River.

—The hanging of Claverius for the murder of his pretty cousin, Lillian Mandison, whom he reduced, is fixed for December 10th, and his friends are making a big effort to have the sentence commuted. It is said that he is preparing a statement to be presented to the governor, which will put a new aspect on the case entirely.

—Gov. Knott has written a letter to Harvey Pash, colored, the condemned murderer in jail at Bardstown, and whose execution is fixed for the 10th day of next month, informing him that he can not, after a careful review of all the facts and circumstances surrounding his case, interfere with the execution of the death sentence, and admonishes him to abandon all hope of being granted further reprieve and to prepare for the end.

—John Horace, of Little Rock, desiring to commit suicide, tied a rope about his neck, threw it over a half-open door, and commanded his ten-year-old son to pull on the other end. On his refusal, the father whipped the boy with a cane until young Mr. Horace began to take an interest in the affair and gave the rope such a pull as came near choking the man to death, the timely arrival of his wife only saving him.

—Erastus Brooks, the veteran New York journalist, died Friday at his home on Staten Island. Mr. Brooks was a native of Maine and was nearly 72 years of age. He had been connected with journalism, until recently, from his early boyhood, and was most prominently known as the editor of the New York Express.

—It seems to be clearly proven that the last strike of the packing house employees of Chicago was ordered by District Master Workman Butler, for the selfish purpose of advancing his candidacy for Sheriff of Cook county. The poor fellows who were thus forced to lose their wages, to aid a miserable self-seeker, should take Butler for a sail on Lake Michigan and drop him overboard a few times where its waters are the chillest.—[C. J.]

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—It is developed that the family of eight persons, supposed to have been accidentally burned to death in Knox county, a month since, were murdered; their throats having been cut from ear to ear. The family, whose names were Poe, had refused to recognize as their social equal a man and his concubine and she, enraged at this, planned the terrible murder and assisted her paramour in its execution. An illegitimate son of the pair tells the story and says: The family, all of whom were females, were all asleep in one room, and his father, with a razor cut the throats of each from ear to ear, while his mother picked the bodies up, placed them in the middle of the floor, piled the contents of two beds on them and then set fire to them and the house, and that the poor, helpless little babe screamed until the flames smothered it.

—At Danville, Boyle County,

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harding expect to leave to day on a visit to Atlanta.

—Mr. D. S. Hinman left on Saturday for a short visit to friends at Wilmington, O.

—Mr. Wm. S. Nichols, of Rockcastle, is in town on a brief visit to his son, M. J. B. Nichols.

—Messrs. S. M. Bardett and Ed T. Maden, of Louisville, were in town Sunday night on their way to Harrodsburg.

—Hans & Handman have this season shipped 10,000 dressed turkeys to Boston. They will begin shipping again the 10th of December.

—County Attorney Harding was telephoned to from Junction City to come out and prosecute Alice Madison for malicious cutting.

—Researches by wisdom men have developed the fact that it was not Jacob who swindled Esau out of his birthright, but that it was "Charlie Henderson, the notorious fakir," now sojourning in the Danville jail.

—Mr. Joseph Coffey has bought out John Stodghill's livery stable and will take possession within a day or two. The invoice will begin to-morrow, (Tuesday). Mr. John Ballard will assist Mr. Coffey in the management of the business.

—Messrs. Jas. A. and Sim. Slaughter, Isaac Shalby, F. L. Shipman, J. W. Vandarell and Allen Kelly left on Saturday for Tennessee on a hunting expedition.

—They will get off the cars at Spring City and travel overland before reaching the hunting grounds.

—Mr. W. B. Thomas will probably be the Adams Express agent here under the new arrangement. Mr. George D. Batterson will take charge of the Baltimore & Ohio Express and Mr. W. E. Board, the late Adams Express agent, will take charge of the Baltimore & Ohio company's business at Paris.

—Mr. J. B. Ould, of Richmond, Va., was traveling on the Cincinnati Southern railroad from Cincinnati to Knoxville on Sunday night and when the brakeman called out "Danville," he mistook what was said for "Knoxville" and accordingly got off here. He got a good night's rest and resumed his journey this morning.

—Mr. O'Brien Atkinson, a young gentleman from Detroit, Michigan, arrived in town Sunday on his way to Jacksonville, Florida. He is about 16 years old and has ridden thus far on horseback and proposes to continue his journey in that manner. He mounted the big brown horse he is riding and left this morning for Nashville by way of Lebanon and Greenbush.

—The orders of the Red Cross and Knight Templar were conferred by Ryan Commandery on Friday and Saturday nights on Myers, R. M. Jackson and J. A. Craft, of London; J. R. Dill, of Somerset, and Alex. Tribble, of Junction City.

—Messrs. A. R. Penny and A. A. McKinney, of Stanford; J. W. Jones, of London, and A. D. Shotwell, of Somerset and Capt. W. E. Grubbs, of Frankfort, were present at the meetings.

—Uncle Joshua Doram is in the toils again. He had just effected a settlement of the old hatch of whisky prosecutions when up comes B. F. Wiggs, who is willing to swear that Joshua has sold him countless number of "whisky straight," "cocktails," "brandy smashes" and "mint juleps." There is in connection with the matter some sort of a wild story about Wiggs claiming to have lost an overcoat in Josh's grocery; about his demanding another from Josh and upon his failure to get it his threat to swear about whisky; that he afterwards got an overcoat and "clarified" himself, and that he was arrested and brought back and will yet consent to swear about whisky.

—The arrest of Henry Jansen, at Chicago, for the attempted murder of his wife, may result in the discovery of the man who threw the bomb into the ranks of the police at the Haymarket meeting.

—At Corunna, Mich., a fellow named Coleman, who had made himself obnoxious by too great familiarity with his landlord's wife, was dragged from bed by a mob, tarred and feathered and instructed to leave the place.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The wife of Mr. Jones Russell died Thursday night after a few days of illness at the advanced age of 75 years. Mrs. R was a member of the old Carpenter family. Her memories were associated with the earlier events of our country's history.

—Miss Helen Thurmond, of Danville, is here with her sister, Miss Bette Rogers, of Danville, is at Mr. Cook's and Miss Bettie Cassiday, of Lexington, at W. R. Williams'. Mrs. Edwards, of Knoxville, Tenn., is at Mrs. Moreland's and will, with her daughter-in-law, proceed at once to join the son and husband, Mr. El. H. Edwards, who is a compositor on the Commercial-Gazette, at Cincinnati. A party of hunters from Lexington are said to be infesting Sam Reid's, but have not heard their names.

—The semi-religious-festival of Thanksgiving was observed as dictated by the varied tastes of the participants. Of course the traditional turkey was offered on many a family table. Scattered members of households assembled at the well remembered firesides. Kindly greetings, for a time, took the place of the cold terms of trade and commerce; and a few, perhaps, set up an aspiration of grateful praise to the Great Dispenser of every good. Among the returned may be noted: Miss Dolly Williams from Hamilton College; Lou. Hooker, Daughter's College, and Little Bogie from Danville.

—Matronologists have been greatly at a loss to account for what they have regarded as strange vagaries of the winds noticed during the last few weeks. Currents and counter currents seem to have held high carnival—especially at night—and the shriekings of the beasts and wailing cadences of the breezes have frozen the blood with terror, or crushed the spirit with sadness. The things became at length so oppressive that an investigation was instituted and the discovery made that that these unearthly lamentations proceeded from the lungs of a few disconsolate widowers, sighing over the wants and woes and fruitless wishes of enforced celibacy. Ladies, here is a field for active, affectionate and magnanimous interference. You, and you alone, have power to meet the emergency. vindicate your heaven sent mission and minister to those "minds diseased." And should your well known *ssai* prompt a multitude to engage in this benevolent enterprise, we have a host of blooming bachelors varying from 16 to 60 who need to be enlightened and that right speedily.

—M. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—There are more fat hogs in this county than usual. They are selling at 5 cents a pound.

—The earth continues to shake in South Carolina. There was another quake Saturday.

—Rev. Pope, of the Christian Church, filled the pulpit Sunday and Sunday night. The church will probably employ him as their regular pastor.

—Miss Eliza Joplin has closed her school. She will start soon on an extended visit West. David Thompson and wife, of Carroll, are visiting relatives in town. C. S. Nield and J. D. Chandler spent Sunday with us.

—Have just heard of a very remarkable cave on Roundstone in this county. It is said that ice remains in the cave almost the whole year without melting. Ice has been seen in the cave the last of July. It goes by the name of Ice cave.

—The boys of this place who attended the turkey shooting at Stanford Thanksgiving day, brought back 26 nice ones. Bob Thompson killed 18 of them, which only cost him \$2.70. It don't pay to put up triggers 50 yards for Bob to shoot at with a pistol.

—There will be a meeting at the church Tuesday night to determine whether we shall have a Christmas tree or not, and what kind; whether for the Sunday school for the community at large. Will announce in my next letter the decision of the meeting.

—Last Friday evening, at her pleasant home, Miss Cleo Williams, in honor of Miss Annie Holmes, gave an entertainment in the way of a candy-pulling. It is needless to say the evening was delightfully spent, as every one who is acquainted with Miss Cleo knows how capable she is of entertaining.

—Old man Mikey Pitman, of this country, who is known by most every one, met with an accident a few days ago which came very near resulting seriously. He had killed hogs and was hauling them to his house on a sled when his horse became scared and running off with him, threw him off, knocking him senseless. He has recovered sufficiently to be out again.

—BURNED TO DEATH.—Granville Brown, a boy of 14, living with his aunt in Rockcastle, was told by her to go Pine Hill on an errand. A few minutes after he had left the house she heard him screaming from the barn. She rushed out, and saw the barn in flames, but found the door fastened. It was impossible to rescue him from the flames. After the barn had fallen on his body, it was recovered, burned horribly, and part of his arms and legs were burned off. The crib was filled with fodder and it is supposed he was playing with fodder and set fire to it in that way and the flames caught him before he could get out.

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AIDEN BENEDICT'S

Celebrated Company will present

MONTE CHRISTO!

AT STANFORD OPERA HOUSE.

SATURDAY NIGHT, DEC. 4TH.

Secure your Seats at



REMINISCENCE OF ARTEMUS WARD  
BEFORE A LONDON AUDIENCE.

The Pitiful Ravages of a Deadly Disease.  
Clergymen in the Audience—The Moon  
Out of Fix—The Ice Broken at Last.  
His Death in a Foreign Land.

I shall never forget the last time I saw Artemus Ward. We were in London, my husband and myself, and learning from a friend that our Yankee humorist was to lecture one night in Egyptian hall we determined to be among his hearers. I had heard him several times in America, and was anxious to see how an English audience would respond to his New World drollery, his unequalled humor.

It was with the hope that we might meet him and have a little talk together that we went quite early, though we were among the first who gathered there that night. There was nowhere to be seen till the lecture commenced.

The people came in a straggling fashion and occupied the front seats and those in the body of the house. The hall was little more than half full. I remember the lights seemed dim, the distance dark and solemn and the architecture dismal in the extreme. The hall was like a huge tomb built for the reception of dead and gone Pharaohs. On's settee not far from our party five gentlemen sat together. I fancied they were clergymen, and had come with the avowed intention of stitching out the excrescences in grave and dignified silence.

THE RAVAGES OF DISEASE.

When Artemus made his appearance it was pitiful to see the ravages disease had made in one short year. His face was thin and pallid, his hollow eyes glistened with a light intensely painful, and held that strange expression peculiar to consumptives, as one looking outside the world. Even as he spoke he caught his breath evidently in pain, and pressed his hand to his side.

My husband turned to me with the brief sentence, "The man is dying," and so he was.

With one expressive glance about the place, scanning ceiling, lights, shadows and semi-darkness, the man took a step forward, and commenced in his usual halting speech and assumed timidity of manner:

"When the Egyptians built this hall—the principles of acoustics were not fully understood—neither, it is presumable, had the master of ventilation been very extensively—ventilated."

There was a smile on the faces of many, but nothing more—and yet the humor of the thing was exquisite. I could not keep my eyes from the five clergymen, who saw shoulder to shoulder, like so many sleek, soft coated seals. Not a tremor betrayed that they were conscious of themselves—their faces were stern, their lips compressed, the brows unbending. Their stolidity possessed me, as far as that even Artemus Ward's infinite personage could not shake off. Again and again his odd fancies provoked from our party both laughter and tears, till still that clerical conceit sat it out, and did not even smile. Could it possibly be that they were oblivious of the snide wit of his burlesque, the rare changes in his face?

Presently the moon appeared in his comical little panorama, wavered, trembled like a boat struck by a sudden squall and then hung as if suspended, limp and motionless on some lunar hook, midway between sea and sky.

Artemus looked quizzically over to those five clergymen. I think he had seen them all the time out of the corners of his eyes.

LOOKING AFTER HIS MOON.

"If you will excuse me, gentlemen," he said, impressively, "I will go out and see to my moon. I think the moonist, a small boy, a fat boy by the way, an English lad, who is to rightly manage my celestial apparatus, has got cranky or gone to sleep—possibly it may be because the audience is so small tonight, the high appreciative—here a long pause—that he is afraid I shall cut him short and sixpence;" and with that he went behind the scenes, perhaps, poor fellow, to gain a moment's respite from pain, and to catch his breath, for he was panting with the exertion of talking, even then.

There was evidently an effort on the part of the five to keep from smiling during this speech, and while Artemus was gone the moon righted itself with a tremendous effort, and glared in such a unique fashion that first one and finally all five stocks and stones, as I had mentally denominated them, relapsed into audible laughter, and their white chokers began to wrinkle.

Artemus came back; he glanced at the side seats, and saw that the ice was broken. It was what he had been waiting and working for, and it seemed that the triumph gave him new life. From that moment those five men were slaves of his humor. They laughed till they cried, and most certainly the brilliant showman outdid himself. Every movement, every glance provoked peals of laughter. It was as if, having put restraint upon themselves so long, they were eager to make up for it. I was satisfied. The gifted son of Amercia was at last appreciated, and though the applause came late, it did come, and Artemus Ward went home happy.

Some few days after this a friend called to see the humorist. He was sick and almost speechless, yet managed to repeat some witticism about his son's life terminating on a sound bed, and spoke regretfully of never expecting to see his native land again.

He never did—the next day he was dead.—Mary A. Penison in New York Graphic.

A Near-Sighted Colored Man.

"What do you mean; by using that violence towards your wife?" asked the Austin recorder of Sam Johnson.

"I didn't use no violence, boss."

"But you did; her face is all swollen up from the blow. Didn't you strike her?"

"Yes, boss, but it was an accident. I've got sighted."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Hemp, boss, hemp. You see I was at the gate and was going down town, and I just kissed her hand to her."

"Yes, boss, kissed my hand to her, but owing to the blow, I was sick and almost speechless, yet managed to repeat some witticism about his son's life terminating on a sound bed, and spoke regretfully of never expecting to see his native land again.

"Well, there is another surprise in store for you. You pay \$30 and coats or you go to the county jail."—Texas Siftings.

Blinded for His Son.

I would not have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes in the Merchants' Barber shop the other day. A bold headed man with a pretty mustache came in to get shaved. After the operation was performed the barber took a slate pencil, located it in a gas jet, and proceeded to curl his customer's mustache. He spent several minutes at the task, the bold headed man directing him in a querulous manner until he was satisfied with the position of every hair. The barber then took a stick of black pomade and carefully touched up his man's eyebrows and eyelashes, gave his bold spot a dab with a powder bag and bounced him out of the chair. I actually blushed for my sex, and will never again have anything to say about the follies of women.—Pioneer Press.

JACKSON CITY AND QUANTICO.

Two Proposed Cities on the Banks of the Potomac.

It may not be generally known that there are on the banks of the Potomac the sites of two proposed cities, whose projectors were once sanguine that they would grow and attain a national importance in population and trade, but which stubbornly refused to thrive in spite of all that was done to push them forward. The first of these is Jackson City, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, just opposite to Washington. The idea of building this city as a rival of the national capital was conceived by some of "Old Hickory's" friends during his presidential term, and such faith did they have in the name that they did not think failure was possible if they called it Jackson City.

Accordingly, they bought of Mr. George Mason, for \$100,000, a large part of which was paid in bonds of the company, a tract of land and laid it off in lots, streets and avenues on a magnificent scale. Then, to give color to the scheme, they determined upon a public demonstration on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the new city. Accordingly on the day appointed a large crowd assembled on the spot, among which were President Jackson and members of his cabinet, and many other distinguished persons; and after an oration had been delivered by George Washington Park Custis the corner stone of Jackson City was laid with fitting ceremonies. But, strange to say, that was about all that ever was laid, notwithstanding the magnificence with which it had been inaugurated. The traveler who passes the site to-day sees only one or two dilapidated frame houses to mark the spot.

The other dead city is Quantico, on the Potomac, some twenty miles below Washington. Soon after the close of the late war, when the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potowmack railroad was extended to that point, the city was laid out on an extensive scale, and such confidence did its projectors have in its future that they went to work and built a large and handsome four story hotel, at a cost of many thousand dollars. They also obtained a charter conferring upon the company extensive powers, such as to build railroads, no banking business, engage in manufacturing projects etc., but, contrary to their sanguine expectations, the enterprise never thrived, and instead of a bustling, busy city, Quantico is a quiet country railroad station, and not likely ever to be anything else.—Helen Perley Poore.

To Prevent Rabies.

More than half a century ago a French chemist and surgeon declared that "chloride has the power of decomposing and destroying the deadly poison of the saliva of the mad dog." The truth of that statement has been reaffirmed repeatedly by physicians and others since it was first published, but is evidently known by few people. The remedy is prepared and applied as a wash by dissolving two tablespoonsfuls of chloride of lime in half a pint of water, and with it instantly and repeatedly bathing the bitten part. The liquid is absorbed and the poison decomposed.

Dr. Worthington, of Annapolis, recommends years ago the giving of chlorine internally and hypodermically. He says: "It is a stimulant and astringent, in the first case helping to raise the vital powers, and in the second case lessening the rapidity of the circulation, and retarding the dissemination of the poison through the economy. If chloride of lime applied to the wound will decompose the virus with which it comes in contact, it is reasonable to assume that some of it will be absorbed by the vessels and decompose the virus in the circulation. If this is a fair assumption it is plausible, practicable and possible to meet the poison within the system and destroy it." The remedy above described is so cheap, readily available and simple in its application externally that no family need be without a supply ready for instant use. It may be necessary that the audience is so small to night that the audience is so small to night, the high appreciative—here a long pause—that he is afraid I shall cut him short and sixpence;" and with that he went behind the scenes, perhaps, poor fellow, to gain a moment's respite from pain, and to catch his breath, for he was panting with the exertion of talking, even then.

ON A MEXICAN HORSE CAR.

My first ride on a horse car in this country was one morning when I saw a single horse in an open car in warm weather—a luxury, and preferable to riding in a box car, and I knew a short flight of steps to the water, which was about four feet deep, and encompassed by very high stone walls. The space between these walls was about fifteen feet square—large enough for a swim. The temperature of the water was 105°.

But the bath was a luxury! Clear, bubbling, hot water, gushing from a fine gravelly soil, it was simply delightful, and left no everlasting effects. The primitiveness and cleanliness constituted one charm of the place. The bathing apartments vary in size, and the water in different basins of different temperatures. The larger baths cost real ones twenty-five cents, while the smaller ones cost only ten real (twelve and a half cents).

I must say a little about the horse cars in Mexico. I call them horse cars from habit, but they are usually drawn by donkeys. The cars are familiar objects in appearance, for they are mostly manufactured in the United States. There are first and second class cars, and sometimes a freight and mail car.

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